

## THE VOICES.

Down in the night I hear them,  
The voices—unknown—unexpressed,  
That whisper and leap and murmur,  
And will not let me rest.

Voices that seem to question  
In unknown words of me,  
Of fabulous ventures, and hopes and  
dreams  
Of this and the world to be.

Voices of mirth and music,  
As in sumptuous homes, and sounds  
Of mourning, as of gathering friends  
In country burial grounds.

Cadence of maiden voices—  
Their lovers' blent with these;  
And of little children singing—  
As under orchard trees.

And often, up from the chaos  
Of my deepest dreams, I hear  
Sounds of phantom laughter  
Filling the atmosphere.

But ever and ever the meaning  
Falters and fails and dies,  
And only the silence quivers  
With the sorrow of my sighs.

And I answer: "Oh, voices ye may not  
Make me understand  
Till my own voice, mingled with you,  
Laughs in shadowland."

—James Whitcomb Riley, in Buffalo News

## SILAS TRUST-GORE.

(From "On Trial," by Zack, Charles Scribner's Sons.)

The firelight streamed across the threshold of Mary Anne Wort's cottage, and flickered against the diamond-paned windows. The table in the kitchen was laid for supper, and on the hob the kettle, approaching boiling point, spouted fitfully. Miss Wort lit the lamp, and as she did so a knock sounded at the door and Silas entered. He was carrying a parcel of somewhat curious shape, which he placed, together with his cap, on a side table.

"I thought I would jest drape in, it being Saturday night," he said.

"I put an extra plate for 'ee," she answered, without turning round.

He went to the window and picked the dead leaves off some geraniums that grew there. "The plants be a bit dry," he remarked. "Shall I fetch a drap o' water for 'em from the butt?"

"Ay, do," she said; "and I'll dish up the while."

They ate the meal in silence, but afterward, when the supper things had been cleared away, Mary Anne Wort drew her chair up in front of the fire, and invited Silas to do the same. Before complying, however, he fetched the odd-shaped parcel from the side table.

"I've brought 'ee sommat," he said. "The nights will be gitting longer soon, and I thought maybe 'twud be company like."

An expression of pleased interest crossed Mary Anne Wort's face. "Wait a bit till I find my glasses," she answered.

"Time enough, time enough," replied the hostler, slowly untying the parcel. "There now!" he exclaimed, as he removed the last wrapper, "what do 'ee think o' that?"

"Law bless us!" cried Mary Anne, in a voice of mingled astonishment and delight—"if 'tiddn't my old Tom—and looking the very moral o' his-zelf, too. Whativer do it mean?"

Silas smiled, his lips, hard as drawn wire, lengthening leanly. "I dug 'un up and stuffed 'un," he answered. "Happen you minds he died about the fust I comed courting. I said to me-zelf: 'If Mary Anne Wort promises me her hand, I'll stuff this cat and gie it her for a wedding present!' I brought it 'ee a bit sooner, cuz you seems lonesome here all by yerself."

"Ay, I be lonesome," she admitted. "Law," she continued, leaning forward and stroking her dead favorite—"how prosperous he do look, to be sure, sitting there on that bit o' red cloth."

Silas' face softened with satisfaction.

"I put a squeak in 'un. You 'ave on'y got to pinch his tail, and he'll cry the same as any living thing; it works zo," he explained, pinching the cat between his finger and thumb.

"Well, I niver, only bark to that!" cried Mary Anne Wort, as her stuffed favorite produced a spirited miaow.

"'Tis his very tone and voice." "Ay," commented Silas, "the cat be there, but the milk remains in the jug." He was silent a moment, and, raising his eyes, glanced round the kitchen.

"'Tis a tidy little place you've got here," he remarked, in a pleased voice. "Us 'all settle down comfortable wi' wat us 'ave laid by and wat us makes out o' vries and sich."

At this moment there was a knock at the door and Dan entered. A curious, half-mocking smile flitted for a moment across the hostler's face as his eyes fell upon the young fellow.

"They told me over at the inn I shud find you here," Dan explained.

"Ba 'ee after having a few wuds wi' me then?" answered the hostler, rising.

"Ess," said Dan; and the two men left the cottage together. They passed down the narrow path to the

road beyond, which was divided from the garden by a high privet hedge.

"Ah," exclaimed Mary Anne Wort, slowly, "that lad be wan o' the vules, no doubt! I should dearly like to know what Silas be after wi' he." She stood for a moment irresolute, glancing first at the open door and then at her stuffed favorite.

"It do zim a bit unfriendly spy-ing on 'im after he acted that thoughtful, stuffing my Tom. Still," she added, "a lone woman must needs see to things her-zelf."

So saying, she stole softly to the door and peered out. There was no moon—everything lay shrouded in shadow. A low murmur of voices echoed across to her.

"I'll ruckee down longside thie hedge," she exclaimed, slipping into the garden. "This baint the time to be pernickit'ing in choice o' acts."

Her dress caught on a rose-bush; she detached it with trembling fingers.

Silas peered across the gate. "Be that you, Mary Anne?" he called.

She stood still, making no answer.

"'Tiddn't nought but some bird," said Dan, impatiently. "Look 'ee," he continued, "you reckons to make 15 pun by the mere—why won't you wait? I cud work and pay the money honest if you cud wait."

"Na, na, I wor niver wan o' yer dawdlers," Silas answered. "When a man needs a shillun to-day, 'tiddn't much good promising him a pun next year."

"Gie me back the letter, and I will work for 'a honest," Dan pleaded.

"And 'tis honest wark I'm axing o' 'ee," Silas answered. "Ain't I told 'ee all along it cud be warked honest?"

Dan stamped his foot. "That be nought but wan o' yer lies," he said, angrily. "Why shud you want to ruin me? I ain't niver done you no harm."

"Ruin 'ee? I don't want to ruin 'ee," Silas answered. "I uses 'ee for my own puppuses, that's I does; and if you valls to pieces in my hand, that be your Maker's fault, not mine. Na, na; there iddn't no wan outside a man's zulf that can bring him to ruin. 'Tis his Maker."

"I can't argy wi' 'ee," said Dan, in a hopeless voice. "But I jest ax 'ee, standing here as man to man, to gie me this wan chance."

There was a long pause, and Silas drew nearer and laid his hand on the young fellow's arm. "You'll reckon most like that I be a heartless devil when I answers 'ee nay," he said; "but na, lad, 'tiddn't this; 'tis cuz I see 'twud be gieing 'ee a longer rope to hang yerself by. You ain't got the grit, you ain't got the spunk, to pull up in time. If I stands a-zide, there'll be they who won't stand a-zide; and why shud I lose my profit if hell 'all 'ave 'ee anyway?"

"I baint as bad as all thie," exclaimed Dan, hoarsely. "I know I ain't as bad as all thie; there be zome good in me. I swear it!"

Silas looked down on the lad's face, white against the dusky evening shadows. "Ay," he said, "there be good in 'ee, and you be the rottener becuz o' ut. Belave me, there iddn't no more worthless skiddik in nater than thie that ba too rotten fer decent use, and too good to be drewed out on the dungheap. Na, na; upright livin' iddn't for sich as you, and if 'ee take my advice, you'll gie up worritting arter it."

"Curse you!" Dan burst out in helpless impotence; "curse you!"

"Ay, cuss away, and much good may it do 'ee."

"Oh, you be a heartless devil!" "Zim zo to 'ee, naw doubt," said Silas, turning from him and pushing back the gate. "Wall, good night; I must ba on the move."

There was no answer—Dan had rushed away into the darkness. The old man sighed, and began slowly to retrace his steps. As he neared the rose tree the tall form of Mary Anne Wort confronted him.

"Ba that 'ee, Mary Anne Wort?" he exclaimed, starting back.

"Ay."

"You heard what us zed?"

"Ivery wud. Come inside."

They went inside and closed the door; their hard, immobile faces had turned from rusty yellow to grayish white, but the lips, close-set, showed no sign of tremulousness. The woman spoke first; her voice, though dry, was firm and even.

"Us must part from this night," she said.

"Ez yer wull."

"I wud ha' made 'ee a good wife."

"I knows it."

She put her puckered, big-boned hand on his shoulder. "Silas," she said, solemnly, "'t'posin' this lad tes-

tifies agin 'ee on the day o' judgment?"

"I ain't got no fear o' sich trash ez he."

"Happen he's trash in our eyes, but who shall say if he be zo in the Almighty's?" she answered. "Oh, Silas," she continued, and her voice for the first time betrayed emotion, "I couldn't bear to see 'ee cast away when it comed to the last!"

"I walks circumspect," he answered; but he spoke without his usual glibness.

"That may save 'ee wi' man, but I fear sore it 'all no save 'ee wi' God," she replied, turning from him with what sounded like a rough sob. He took up his cap and opened the door, halting a moment, his hand on the latch. "You be a good woman, Mary Anne Wort," he said; "I reckon, ez things go nowadays, us cud ha' made wanoother comfortable." And he went out and left her.

She listened to his retreating steps in silence, and then her eyes fell on the stuffed cat. Sinking down on a chair, she covered her face with her hands, and between her red fingers the sparse tears of middle age trickled slowly.

"Oh, Silas, Silas," she exclaimed, "what a varrigated thing human nater be!"

## PARSIMONIOUS PATIENTS.

Wealthy People Who Pose Before the Doctors as Paupers.

"It often causes not a little loss and inconvenience to a medical specialist when it becomes known through the papers that he charges but the merest nominal sum to those in suffering who are too poor to pay his regular fee."

The speaker, the secretary and pupil of a most eminent titled physician—the latter noted for good deeds—then continued: "It will surprise you to know that we have had, even during the last few months, persons coming to consult my employer in shabby clothes, and seemingly in a state of something like indigence, whom we have found subsequently to be rich people. Not long since a lady got out of her own family carriage in the next street in order that she might come round here and consult the doctor as one of his poor and non-paying patients. We keep a poor box in which the poorer people may drop such a sum as they can afford instead of handing the usual fee to the doctor, and this particular lady, who is said to be worth several thousands a year, put the sum of one shilling into the box I speak of.

"At one time my employer set aside a particular hour, at which he would not otherwise have worked, for these poorer patients, but he began to find that really well-to-do people who would have come at ordinary times began to pose as paupers. During the last London season a person who had made many genteel protests of poverty, and who put half a crown into the poor box, was met by the doctor only two days afterwards arrayed in full glory at one of the most exclusive social functions of the season."—London Tit-Bits.

## AN IMPROVED METHOD.

Geography and History Taught to School Children by Magic Lantern.

Dr. Henry B. Gwynn, principal of a grammar school, has introduced in the school an improved method of teaching geography, which is in use in universities generally, but he says is used in no other grammar school.

Recognizing the value of pictorial illustrations in educational work, Dr. Gwynn a short time ago purchased a normal school lantern, which he placed on the third floor of the building. Dr. Gwynn bought a number of slides and is engaged in making others illustrating the geography of every land. Not only the physical features of the land are shown, but also the various races of people, their home life, their occupations and other interesting details.

The history of the United States is illustrated by pictures of historic personages, places and events. Many of the pictures have been taken from old magazines and newspaper illustrations. Dr. Gwynn carries his camera with him on trips into the country, and the views which he obtains find their way on slides into his class room.

Speaking of the method, Dr. Gwynn said: "The very great value of pictorial illustrations is acknowledged by everyone, making the study far more attractive and the results obtained more lasting, while the work itself is more attractive to pupils than dry tasks."—Baltimore Sun.

## And Likely to Stay There.

Most of the people who want the earth are in the background.—Chicago Dispatch.

**DR. PIERCE'S**  
**Golden Medical Discovery**

MEETS  
**THE APPROVAL**  
OF  
**GENERATIONS**



**A True TEMPERANCE**  
MEDICINE,  
CONTAINING NEITHER ALCOHOL  
NOR NARCOTICS.

## Fine Farm in This County For Sale.

In order to wind up the estate of Dr. Jas. Wheeler, deceased, we offer for sale his home place known as "Richland" situated on the Kentucky and Tennessee turnpike 5 miles south of Hopkinsville.

His tract of land contains 450 acres, is surrounded by a fine hedge fence, is in a perfect state of cultivation and is one of the most fertile and productive farms in the State.

There is on it a fine brick residence of 9 or 10 rooms with hall, bath room, pantry, cellar and kitchen, costing originally \$17,000, to build, now in good repair. Also, 5 large tobacco barns, stable, 9 or 10 servant houses and all needed out houses.

It has an unfailing supply of water in abundant quantity. No more desirable suburban home can be found any where. Its soil is unexcelled in productiveness. Yielding in ordinary season, 1000 lbs. tobacco, 25 to 30 bushels of wheat and 8 or 10 bbls. of corn to each acre in cultivation.

Time to suit purchaser. Apply to W. G. WHEELER, Hopkinsville, or C. K. WHEELER & W. F. BRADSHAW, Paducah.

**WANTED—AN IDEA** Who can think of some simple thing to patent? Protect your ideas; they may bring you wealth. Write JOHN W. WEDDER, 812 E. & O., Patent Attorneys, Washington, D. C., for their \$1,000 prize offer.

**KIDNEY DISEASES**  
are the most fatal of all diseases.

**FOLEY'S KIDNEY CURE**  
a GUARANTEED remedy or money refunded. Contains remedies recognized by all eminent physicians as the best for Kidney and Bladder troubles.

Price 50c. and \$1.00.  
For sale by Anderson & Fowler.

**CLARENCE HARRIS**  
(Formerly with Forbes & Bro.)

**PAINTER and PAPER HANGER.**

Paper hanging a specialty.  
Telephone 84-2 rings  
All work guaranteed.  
Leave orders at Gus Young's.

**HAVE YOUR PHOTOGRAPHS MADE AT**  
**WYBRANT'S**  
NEW STUDIO,  
—No. 580 Fourth Avenue—  
**Louisville, Ky.**

**ILLINOIS CENTRAL**  
MISSISSIPPI VALLEY  
RAILROAD

**I. C. RAIL'Y.**

—TIME TABLE—  
Effective Jan. 28, 1900.

LEAVE HOPKINSVILLE.

No. 392	No. 384	No. 340
daily	daily	daily
Lv. Hopkinsville.....	6:00 a.m. 11:40 a.m.	6:00 p.m.
Ar. Princeton.....	6:00 a.m. 12:45 p.m.	7:00 p.m.
Ar. Henderson.....	9:20 a.m. 4:05 p.m.	
Ar. Evansville.....	10:10 a.m. 5:45 p.m.	
Lv. Princeton.....	9:20 a.m. 12:55 p.m.	
Ar. Louisville.....	4:40 p.m. 5:45 p.m.	
Lv. Princeton.....	6:05 a.m. 2:50 p.m.	
Ar. Paducah.....	9:00 a.m. 4:25 p.m.	
Ar. Memphis.....	10:00 p.m. 9:45 a.m.	

No. 41 arrives at Hopkinsville 9:30 a.m.  
No. 333 arrives at Hopkinsville 4:00 p.m.  
No. 331 arrives at Hopkinsville 9:30 p.m.

D. M. DICKWOOD, Agt., Hopkinsville, Ky.  
W. A. KELLON, A. G. P. A., Louisville, Ky.

**Gus ....**  
**Young.**  
... NEW ...

**Implement House**  
... FOR ...

**Plows,**  
**Wagons,**  
**Bugies, etc.**

**THE**  
**NEW YORK WORLD,**  
THRICE-A-WEEK EDITION.

ALMOST A DAILY—AT THE  
PRICE OF A WEEKLY.

The most widely circulated "weekly" newspaper in America is the Thrice-A-Week edition of The New York World, and with the presidential campaign now at hand you cannot do without it. Here are some of the reasons why it is easily the leader in dollar a year journalism.

It is issued every other day, and is to all purposes a daily.

Every week each subscriber receives 18 pages and often during the "busy" season 24 pages each week.

The price is only \$1.00 per year.

It is virtually a daily at the price of a weekly.

Its news covers every known part of the world. No weekly newspaper could stand alone and furnish such service.

The Thrice-A-Week World has at its disposal all of the resources of the greatest newspaper in existence—the wonder of modern journalism—"America's Greatest Newspaper," as it has been justly termed—The New York World.

Its political news is absolutely impartial. This fact will be of especial value in the Presidential campaign coming on.

The best of current fiction is found in its columns.

These are only some of the reasons; there are others. Read it and see them all.

We offer this unequalled newspaper and the KENTUCKIAN together one year for \$2.50.

The regular subscription price of the two papers is \$3.00.

**LOUISVILLE, HENDERSON & ST. LOUIS RAILWAY.**

WEST BOUND			
No. 41	No. 43	No. 45	
Lv. Louisville.....	7:37 a.m.	1:50 p.m.	8:55 p.m.
Irvington.....	9:23 a.m.	6:43 p.m.	
Cloverport.....	10:18 a.m.	7:30 p.m.	10:45 p.m.
Hawesville.....	10:53 a.m.	8:04 p.m.	11:08 p.m.
Owensboro.....	11:40 a.m.	9:05 p.m.	11:55 p.m.
Henderson.....	12:45 p.m.	10:10 p.m.	12:35 a.m.
Evansville.....	1:30 p.m.		1:25 a.m.
Ar. St. Louis.....	7:10 p.m.		7:30 a.m.

EAST BOUND			
No. 42	No. 44	No. 46	
Lv. St. Louis.....	8:40 a.m.	8:55 p.m.	
Evansville.....	6:30 a.m.	2:30 p.m.	2:45 a.m.
Henderson.....	7:15 a.m.	2:46 p.m.	3:10 a.m.
Owensboro.....	8:18 a.m.	3:44 p.m.	4:00 a.m.
Hawesville.....	9:17 a.m.	4:40 p.m.	4:50 a.m.
Cloverport.....	9:53 a.m.	5:03 p.m.	5:10 a.m.
Irvington.....	10:45 a.m.	6:04 p.m.	
Ar. Louisville.....	12:35 p.m.	7:45 p.m.	7:30 a.m.

FORDSVILLE BRANCH.			
No. 3	No. 5		
Lv. Irvington.....	10:50 a.m.	6:45 p.m.	
Ar. Hardinsburg.....	11:35 a.m.	7:25 p.m.	
Ar. Fordsville.....	1:20 p.m.	9:15 p.m.	

Trains 41, 42, 43 and 44 connect at Irvington with Trains No. 3 and 5 for points on Fordsville Branch.

Trains No. 2, 3, 4 and 5 run daily. Trains No. 2 and 4 connect at Irvington with Main Line trains 41, 42, 43 and 44.

For further information call on or address agents, or EDGAR HILL, Traffic Mgr., Louisville, Ky.

L. & N. TIME TABLE.	
TRAINS SOUTH	
No. 55—Hopkinsville Ac.	6:15 a.m.
No. 53—Fast Line.....	6:00 a.m.
No. 51—Fast Mail.....	5:27 p.m.
No. 91—N. O. Limited.....	12:02 a.m.
TRAINS NORTH.	
No. 92—Chicago Limited	9:33 p.m.
No. 52—St. Lou. Ex. & mail	9:45 a.m.
No. 56—Hopkinsville Ac.	8:30 p.m.
No. 54—Fast Line.....	10:24 p.m.

Nashville Accommodation does not run on Sunday.

North bound St. Louis and Chicago Fast trains have through trains solid and sleepers to Chicago and St. Louis.

Fast Line stops only at important stations and crossings. Has through Pullman sleepers to Atlanta, Ga.

J. M. ADAMS, AGENT.

**DR. OTTO'S**  
**SPRUCE GUM**  
**BALSAM**

Spruce Gum the Most Valuable Product of the Forest.

It is gathered from the spruce trees of Maine, the supply of which is limited and very difficult to gather. The medical properties contained in this gum is very valuable in all cases of pulmonary diseases, as discovered by the great German specialist, Dr. Otto, and as recommended by him after a thorough research for the benefit of the medical world and all mankind. In order that the unsuspecting public may be protected and not imposed upon by the many imitations that are springing up,

**Dr. Otto's Spruce Gum Balsam** has been fully protected by trade mark and put up in specially prepared cartons, of which the illustration in the advertisement is a reduced facsimile. The genuine is made only by the

**Carlstadt Medicine Co.**  
Evansville, Ind.  
Take no substitute. Price 25 and 50 cents a bottle.  
FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

**FIFTH AVENUE HOTEL.**  
LOUISVILLE, KY.  
Next to Hotel in the "City"  
Electric Elevator.  
Wm. Campbell, Manager.

## CIRCUIT COURT DIRECTORY.

THIRD.—First Monday in February—term three weeks; third Monday in May—term two weeks; first Monday in September—term three weeks.

FOURTH.—Fourth Monday in February—term six weeks; first Monday in June—term four weeks; first Monday in September—term six weeks.

CALLOWAY.—Second Monday in April—term three weeks; first Monday in August—term two weeks; second Monday in November—term three weeks.

LYON.—First Monday in May—term two weeks; first Monday in August—term two weeks; first Monday in September—term two weeks.

## PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

**C. H. TANDY,**  
**DENTIST.**

Office over Kelly's jewelry store.  
HOPKINSVILLE, KY.

**ANDREW SARGENT, M. D.,**  
Physician and Surgeon.

Hopkinsville, Ky.

Office Fifth and Main streets, opposite City Court Room.  
Telephone—Office 53-3. Residence 53-4.

Jas. I. Landos. Jas. B. Allensworth.  
Landos & Allensworth.

Attorneys-in-Law.  
Office in McDaniell building, near Court House.  
Will practice in all the courts and supreme court. Special attention to collections.

**F. V. ZIMMER,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW.

Will practice in the courts of Christian and adjoining counties. Special attention given to the collection of claims. Office in Webber block back of Court House. HOPKINSVILLE, KY.

**HENRY E. HOLTON,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW.

Over Court Square.

Hopkinsville, Ky.